The furthest thing

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42792438.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Friends to Lovers, First Time, season 1 AU, Fluff, Sexual Tension, Mutual Pining, Idiots in Love, Bickering, tipsy sex, Rough Sex, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Dom Hannibal Lecter, Brat Will Graham, Sassy Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Porn Video, Road Trips, Snowed In, Falling In Love, Hannibal Lecter's Very Active Cowper's Glands, Jealous Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of What If
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-01 Words: 8,927 Chapters: 1/1

The furthest thing

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Listen, Will can handle a little blizzard and getting stuck with the therapist he definitely shouldn't have a crush on (and definitely does). He can deal with hours alone with Hannibal during a road trip for work. So, they get snowed in at a less-than-thrilling motel. Okay, fine! What he can't deal with is the fact that the pay per view options on the motel tv happen to include a certain little adult film he made back in his college days. If Hannibal sees it -- !! 😱

Oh dear, whatever shall occur? 😏

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Don't know what to say
Oh, I'm looking and you blew me away
I'm spiraling all over the place
So lifted, you got me reaching for grace
Body off the ground” - Charli XCX

***

“Don’t look so glum, Will,” Hannibal encouraged. He, in stark contrast, looked downright blithe.

It hit Will like a cloud of pixie dust to the face when he was submerged in the depths of Monday morning hell. Hannibal’s cheerful disposition was a language he didn’t speak or fully understand outside the empathy that told him the merriness was genuine, but…he kind of liked it, anyway, for some reason.

Maybe “opposites attract” applied to friends as well as lovers.

They stood with their backs to Hannibal’s sleek Bentley, parked at the first gas station on their work-related road trip from Quantico to New Orleans that was up to the doctor’s elite fuel-related standards. Both of them held a to-go cup of coffee and were bundled up in winter coats, gloves and hats, their breath puffing in the air each time they spoke.

The personal space between them seemed to have once again diminished to a bare wisp of a thing; their arms kept brushing whenever they gestured or sipped their coffee.

His damn glasses kept getting fogged up, and he knew it was more than the cold. It was…like the window in the movie Titanic, misting over when the main couple finally had sex. Jesus. It was Hannibal. Every time Will was around him, he got this contact buzz of drug-like comfort that felt dangerous and sensual at the same time.

Recently, he’d become increasingly aware of every spare inch between them and how he resented that space, wanting it to disappear until the two of them were always touching.

Will tried not to get too excited; he was usually wrong about this sort of thing (attraction) as if it made his empathy flicker out, becoming useless for telling him how the other person felt in return. He guessed love was just too subjective a thing to instinctively feel what someone else felt, when you wanted that to be true so badly. It was easy to jump to the conclusion you desired, and desires were nothing more than a premonition of future disappointment.

He guessed that’s what happened with Alana. Almost as soon as the stupid kiss between them had led to nothing but rejection and embarrassment, Will had run directly to Hannibal, realizing by the end of the same day that he had misunderstood his own feelings completely.

After Tobias Budge almost killed Hannibal, Will saw him with a bloody lip and glistening eyes full of affection, dismissing his feeble apologies and assuring Will “he appreciated the company.” Will felt a light inside him glow and start to warm him and butterflies taking

flight; this was when he knew it was the debonair, yet complex, fascinating, mysterious Dr. Lecter who had truly caught his romantic attention; he had only gone after Alana out of a knee-jerk, confused assumption, or a set of them.

Assumption 1? The idea that Alana and he had a long-slow-burning attraction. And that it made sense for them to act on it. Because she was there, she was beautiful, good, soothing, and most of all,

Assumption 2: he was straight, so she was the logical choice.

But maybe he ought to have known, after his secret stint in the adult film industry during a particularly drastic period of poverty in his college years, that he could feel attraction for men as well, perhaps just as powerfully.

At the time, he'd been too confused and held back from fully understanding this due to his repressed, Southern bible belt upbringing and the tendency to hide his feelings from himself when they were overwhelming.

He knew consciously and in his own moral beliefs that it was perfectly fine to be gay, but still the nagging voices of emotional abuse and repression from his childhood preached at him otherwise. The crossed wires gave him too many pained fears, and so he diffused them and put them away in separate drawers within his mind.

But that was all a tangential reminiscence which only served to make him too distracted if indulged. He wanted to be in the here and now with Hannibal. With this man, there never seemed to be a need to escape, nor to hide. In his own way, Dr. Lecter always made a point of seeking Will out, and it made him feel special.

So he chose to let the feeling of chemistry (that might be one-sided but damn, felt so good) in for now. With his own surly brand of flirtation, he used his coffee cup to point at himself.

"Glum? Oh." He smiled, a sassy, sarcastic one he'd perfected. "That's just my face."

"I don't believe that for a moment," Hannibal smiled back more serenely. "I've seen you in unguarded moments, smiling and laughing, even – horror of horrors – enjoying yourself."

Will feigned the aforementioned horror. "What? Never. Are you talking about when you ply me with liquor and leading questions about my childhood during our sessions?"

Hannibal paused longer than the admittedly inappropriate, but hardly unusual coming-from-Will-Graham, joke seemed to call for.

Awkwardly, the doctor responded, "I never intended the occasional glass of wine to imply that my intentions…"

Will raised his eyebrows, surprised to hear the normally flawless vocabulary of his therapist crash and burn mid-sentence. He had said "intended" and "intentions" in the same sentence and currently looked like a computer that was stuck on 401 file not found.

“Hey,” he assured him with a gentle touch to his arm, not letting his fingers linger on the smooth wool of his handsome coat despite the temptation being palpable. “I was only kidding. I know you don’t actually soften me up with pink wine to try and get me in a compromising position, or anything. I mean! How ridiculous would that be.”

“Of course, it would be ridiculous,” Hannibal stated, almost offended, as if he took Will seriously even after it was clear his friend had only been joking. Or…as if he was… overcompensating for something.

Why did that particular joke (okay, okay it was a bad joke by way of thinly veiling Will’s wish that Hannibal *would* ply him with alcohol and seduce him) strike such a nerve?

“I know. That’s why it was a joke? But…uh, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you.”

Hannibal sighed. “No need to apologize. However…my only concern is for your welfare, Will. I want to see you healthy and thriving, not digging yourself ever deeper into your own conflicted despair in an unending–”

“I know.”

“Part of that therapy, however unconventional, involves trying to teach you to relax.”

Will scoffed. “You think I’m going to relax. Please.” He finished his coffee and tossed the cup away. “Don’t set yourself up for disappointment.”

Hannibal, finally recovered from his bizarrely solemn response to a bad joke, now smiled ironically. “Finish the sentiment. We’re not in session, but I’m still professionally obligated, not to mention personally invested in keeping your secrets.”

Not every secret. Hahaha, oh God.

Will normally didn’t think that much about the hard-core porn movies he’d shot during those desperate college years, having taken it for what it was, a measure required to have ramen and coffee money.

Once he’d earned a fairly large amount – more than he ever expected – Will had walked away like the whole thing never happened. The producers and directors, even co-stars had begged him to stay, swearing he had great potential, but Will just figured they must be suffering from some kind of shared delusion.

He knew damn well he was only thinking about it now and having fucking… gaaahh… goddammit…flashbacks of filming some of the raunchiest scenes with male co-stars, because he was feeling so undeniably gay about Hannibal.

On the bright side, on the very slim chance Dr. Lecter returned his feelings and would decide to throw aside all professional decency to act on them, Will, at least…knew what he was doing in the bedroom.

He had the experience (dare he think, even the expertise?) to give Hannibal a very good time, and it was getting increasingly difficult not to get hard thinking about it. A few times at

home, he'd definitely jerked off imagining all the things he'd do to Hannibal Lecter if given half a chance.

He blushed now, thinking about it again. Remembering how hard he'd fucked his fist that very morning in his lonely bed, blurting "Dr. Lecter" like an idiot nerd, coming all over himself as pleasure rocketed through him and his heart beat so fast he–

"I guess I was thinking that spending time with me at all is setting yourself up for disappointment," Will admitted, feeling his voice go ragged because he felt so damn exposed all of a sudden.

Like he stood naked in the frigid air of the late afternoon, presented for his therapist's perusal in a casual, helpless sort of way.

Hell if it didn't turn him on.

"Why did you repress the statement rather than voicing it when it first occurred?"

"Because I…" Will threw his hands up and rolled his eyes, only because he was so overwhelmed and definitely felt he might fall apart, crumble to the ground or collapse against Hannibal's big, strong, warm body. "Don't want…didn't want to seem as if I was fishing for reassurance. I don't go around whining to get attention."

"But you truly believe you are a disappointment."

Will dipped his head, scratched the back of it, avoiding eye contact at all costs. "Yeah. Look, I get that this is not a healthy way of thinking. And…I'll work on it. Okay?"

"You can share your feelings, healthy or not. That will always be okay with me."

To Will's surprise, Hannibal reached out and gave his arm a gentle squeeze, mirroring Will's own touch from a few minutes earlier, as if it was a reply to it.

The profiler looked up quickly and their gazes locked in that instant. Electricity. That's what it felt like to Will, as if he'd gotten a pleasurable jolt of life-affirming, truly exciting energy. So overpowering, he could have fainted over a little reassurance, support and a single, platonic touch.

Nobody touched Will. He longed for it, and bit his lip hard to try and contain himself. The need to move closer and make Hannibal touch him a little more, no matter what he had to do in order to make it happen, was almost impossible to resist or control.

My name is Will Graham, he thought, trying to center himself. It's around 4pm. I'm at a gas station in the middle of nowhere on my way from Quantico to fucking New Orleans, the last place I wanna go, with the one person I want to be near. He took two deep breaths in and out. And looked up to find Hannibal regarding him with conflicted concern, something in addition to worry or caring about him that Will couldn't put his finger on.

The whole truth was, he didn't want to dig too much into Hannibal's mystery. He didn't want to find anything that might ruin this special bond between them, almost the only good thing

he had in his life. Definitely the best thing he had going.

Consciously, he chose to accept Hannibal mostly as Hannibal presented himself, and leave anything his therapist was hiding…hidden. Just for now.

The day would come that he'd find out what Hannibal was keeping in his own collection of secrets…and Will was hoping that when that happened, they would be secrets he liked.

"Are you alright, Will? I don't mind driving again." Hannibal had his keys ready.

Even that sound, the minute click of the small, elegant keys in his leather gloved hand, comforted Will. The dark, mysterious deepness of Dr. Lecter felt like a heaven he could drown in, very willingly.

They'd stretched their legs, refueled, and could now continue on the ride to view the latest crime scene, gather what evidence they could to corroborate Will's theory that they were dealing with another of those annoying Ripper copycats.

Jack had tried to book them a flight to New Orleans, but apparently (ironically, given where they'd be landing – it was much warmer there) all flights had been grounded due to the forecast of a winter storm in the Virginia- Maryland region. So, driving it was.

Hannibal offered to come along and give his insight, and Jack, with his patented Concerned Non-Parent, I'm-Bedrock-Will expression, thought this was a great idea. What he didn't say out loud was that with Dr. Lecter there he felt better about Will's stability and focus.

What *Will* didn't say was that he resented having to wonder if Jack gave a damn about him for himself, or just wanted him to stay on track with these cases that only he had a chance in hell of closing.

What he was *afraid* to say was that Hannibal made him feel exactly the opposite of that. Cold, slippery mirage of stability, a hand-hold on work structure and obligation, with a nice little guilt trip layered on top? He could get that from Jack Crawford, for all it was worth.

But warmth, friendship, a feeling that he had a really sturdy paddle to navigate his rickety boat through the rapids of his life? The joy of knowing he was cared for, thought of particularly and before Hannibal considered some other friends or colleagues, the idea that he *mattered*? He only ever got that with Hannibal.

And it wasn't the only reason Will felt drawn into his orbit, or why his heart thumped so hard in the man's presence. There was also the whole charming, gorgeous, exotic, sophisticated older man factor, and most importantly the real sense that they got each other. They Saw each other.

Now why the hell would Will go throwing something that wonderful away to take a chance on a doomed affection which most likely would meet nothing but more platonic concern and another delicate refusal of his heart?

He might have made a fool of himself with Alana, he might be acting a little on the dumb side by leaning so far into this infatuation with his therapist just to soothe his worried, frazzled, feverish mind and feel something good once in a while. But he wasn't *that* foolish.

Nor was he going to argue with Hannibal when the older man, with his shoulders looking so broad in that gentlemanly coat, he seemed to loom like a giant above Will, offered to drive again. Even though it was obviously Will's turn. He could enjoy the little pleasures in life, the gentle, sweet choice of letting Dr. Lecter spoil him in any inconsequential and certainly temporary way.

Will still felt heavy with drowsiness, so that the day seemed like a dreary dream, Hannibal the only light in it. He was asleep with his flushed face leaning back on the Bentley's leather seat by the time they got back on the highway.

***

Hannibal tried not to become too distracted by Will's presence, right there beside him, so close and steady, so warm and reassuring. In such moments it seemed as if he could keep the boy forever.

He tried not to be distracted, but Will looked like an angel when he slept, all mussed curls, pink cheeks from his fever, rosy lips which unbeknownst to him, his manipulative and very confused therapist longed to kiss.

This journey, he'd undertaken while telling himself he would keep an eye on Will as a measure of common sense, given that the boy lingered too close to discerning his true nature (that of the Chesapeake Ripper). But the reality was, he'd been far too excited to go away with Will, to have long hours with nobody else except the two of them, the undeniable and splendid intimacy of a plane journey, staying in the same lodgings (he did not care to let the word 'motel' enter his mind, though this certainly was what he could expect from said lodgings).

Before long it became obvious that his obsession with Will could not be submerged and rendered lifeless by any of his many ongoing schemes. The romantic and sensuous inclination he felt for the boy at first sight had not so much blossomed as exploded into a desperate passion which it regularly took all of his energy to subdue. He was there for *Will*, not to keep an eye on him while concerned for his own safety, but simply for Will.

He often toyed with the possible endgame of keeping Will for his very own, forever-after. This would require him to let go of his control. He had therefore resisted it thus far, but his resolve was wavering more by the day.

His commitment to the scheme of using the encephalitis against Will, tampering with his gorgeous mind until he broke and Became would have to be fulfilled, he was sure, in order for the two of them to ever be the soulmates he dreamed they could be. In this scenario, he would keep the upper hand, but if it didn't work, he'd lose Will, possibly never to regain his trust again.

It seemed impossible to reconcile these problems. He could not give up his carefully curated existence of perfect luxury and greedy enjoyment of his favorite pursuits. Nor could he find any meaning in it without Will. Some completely insane part of him would rather sleep next to that boy in his little house in the woods than occupy his own serenely superior existence in all its nearly countless advantages.

Not least among them, remaining safe from…he shuddered to think… heartbreak.

Hannibal was not sure of much, except that his resolve was held together by toothpicks and strings in his mind's eye by now. He might go rather mad at any moment and simply kiss Will, drag him to the nearest bed and give him what his devastating, perfect body deserved. *Not*gently.

He longed to hear Will call out for him, say his name in the throes of bliss, and thought often of how the boy would cling to him and beg, how dependent Will would be on only Hannibal. His skin prickled with sweat and his heart fluttered in more excitement with this fantasy.

The possessive daydream he nurtured with lazy inattention to his usually mandatory repression of all softer urges was abruptly interrupted when they reached the border between Virginia and Tennessee. A large sign blocked off the road, and a local police officer, standing guard and directing traffic to a detour, told him no one was driving anywhere that day or night; it was a "mess, gonna be a blizzard for sure."

What were the chances...*For goodness sake*! Or, more accurately, *the Devil take it.* He should *care* about being delayed en route to stop a killer who had been imitating the Ripper. This was, of course, an unforgivable action in excessively poor taste. Hannibal planned to pay the fake Ripper back for the rudeness at his first opportunity when Will was not present.

However, he barely seemed to care about this at all, compared to the surges of fear and excitement that took him over about another subject. *Trapped with Will overnight*. His mind repeated the thought on a loop, inescapably. Where were his impeccably self-insulated, egotistical, even evil instincts when he needed them most?

Hannibal had to wonder at such freak weather conditions, especially now they were further south. He was either doomed or incredibly blessed by the circumstance, with the answer lying in the sweaty hand of the rumpled boy beside him with his cute glasses askew on his perfect nose.

He adjusted Will's glasses with a sigh, wanting to press a soft, warm kiss to his stubbled cheek and feel the roughness, the heat on his own lips. Although he might start with soft kisses, if let off his "leash" with Will, he'd be anything but soft within seconds. He would claim Will, make him know to whom he belonged with no further doubt allowed.

Instead, he settled for gently rousing Will and telling him in a calm, clear way of their predicament.

"We'll drive to the nearest source of shelter, stay there until the roads are decent," Hannibal explained.

He did not bother wasting time questioning Will as to this plan. Will liked him being in charge, making the decisions, and Hannibal liked him liking it. Far, far too much.

Will was frustrated and sulky, like a sweet, grumpy puppy dog. He fretted about how they'd never solve the case fast enough now, and "Jack should've known," before settling on, "Oh, well, we can rest tonight and hit the road again tomorrow, early on, I guess. Hope it's clear by then."

"Of course," Hannibal nodded, lying through his teeth.

The respectable therapist pulled his snow-speckled Bentley into the sad-looking motel that formed the nearest shelter, given the increasingly slippery roads that made driving any further unwise. Normally, he'd never touch a place like this with a ten foot pole, but thanks to Will, he felt as though he was staying in the grandest palace imaginable.

He must devise a scheme as to how best to take advantage of this overnight in close proximity.

Beside him, Will was still grumbling about "a place like this," "miserable damn weather," and such, but then, as Hannibal offered him an arm to lean on, explaining the reason to be the icy parking lot, he stopped complaining.

Will took the offered arm with a bashful sigh of thanks, and with the sweetest smile said, "At least *you're* here. But uh, at the same time, I'm sorry you got tangled up in this annoying –"

"Shh, hush now. I don't want to be untangled." Hannibal almost slipped on the ice, horrified at his own sudden tenderness, feeling abruptly stripped of all defenses.

He tried to blink it away, but Will's hold on his arm tightened. There was one flash of a moment where he thought Will might rest that pretty head on his shoulder and he felt slightly faint, instead of victorious at having the man so helpless and under his power.

At the same time he realized that Will really had thought about putting his head there, and clinging tighter still, Hannibal's feet slipped forward on the icy pavement and Will helped him stay upright.

"Whoa there, doctor, it's okay. I have you."

Hannibal stared at him. Will was so simply beautiful and free from any game-playing. Honest, loyal, brilliant and brave. He considered the fact that Will was burning up with fever and withering in self-hatred that kept him constantly depressed, yet there he was, more worried about Hannibal potentially falling.

That, for better or worse, was the exact split second. Oddly, instead of anything definitive, it was a look of confusion in Will's eyes, the furrow of his brow as the boy tried to understand what had Dr. Lecter so quiet, staring at him. Will looked more angelic than ever with the moonglow making the snow seem to mist around his face like glitter.

This boy had no idea he could light up the night that easily, nor that he made Hannibal wish for about one to three full seconds that he was a better man. A different man. One who knew how to love without crippling the recipient's free will or ability to escape his greedy grasp, one who could love the boy as he actually deserved. That was the moment Hannibal knew he had fallen in love with Will Graham.

The crushing power of the feeling terrified him. He righted himself with a polite nod to Will, and they made their way as quickly as the conditions would allow, into the truly despicable looking motel.

***

Hannibal was beside himself afterwards, unable to sort the matter out in The Usual Way, which would have included a swift death for Will and the cultivation of a delightful dinner of his remains. The motel was run by a sleepy-looking clerk for the night, and Hannibal seriously doubted that the few people occupying rooms would notice the murder right under their noses with all the stress of the snowstorm.

It was also quite late in the night at this point.

Hannibal…might be too tired to kill, and too exhausted to cook as well. Yes, surely that was the reason.

Yet, strangely enough, he still had plentiful energy when it came to his perpetual arousal regarding Will Graham.

The dreadful dilemma would simply have to wait until morning, when sleep would doubtless have made him sensible again, behind his walls of snobbery and unreachable perfection where he belonged.

So he decided the most logical way to "knock himself out" for the night, as it were, would be a combination of the finest imported vodka he had brought in his luggage, and perusing the pay-per-view selection of gay pornography. Thank goodness they hadn't lost electricity or the cable connection yet.

Becoming slightly intoxicated and masturbating while fantasizing about Will might have seemed pathetic if it did not appeal to him so intensely. He had ice from the machine in the frigid courtyard between the dingy rooms, though sadly insufficient sanitizing supplies to address the suspicious environs that likely teemed with unseen horrors. That aside…he had ice, and quickly made himself a cold, strong drink.

He sat on the edge of the thin mattress, ignoring the pathetic nature of the bed, and turned the television on, toeing off his shoes, reasoning he may as well get this over with first, then shower, as he would need it by then.

Masturbating and indeed all forms of self-love didn't usually embarrass him, but when it came to doing so out of love for Will, it seemed almost humiliating enough to be leading him to a break-down.

Casting such fears aside, he undid his silk tie and tossed it impatiently to the foul, plain bedding. He unbuttoned his shirt and opened it to leave his nipples free for his touch, then simply undid his pants and pushed them down before regaining his seat. Hannibal was in an unusually impatient mood, but he had gotten this way at least three times before while under the influence of the man he'd intended to influence.

He flipped through the options listlessly, just needing something even barely efficient for addressing his painfully alert erection and the sweat on the inside of his palms that had been there since the parking lot.

The genre didn't matter whatsoever; he only wanted an actor Will's age or a bit younger, with curly brunette hair and sweet blue eyes, and a build at least close enough, if ridiculously subpar by comparison, that he could fantasize properly.

He finally stopped on a video with some sort of foolish title…ah, it was, *College Boys Gone Wilder, Part 17*. The theme of the "storyline" involved a hockey game which had apparently gone awry on a fictitious campus bearing a strong resemblance to a generic set used for couch castings and "restaurant," "doctor's office" or "massage parlor" settings as well.

Hannibal planned to fast forward through the "set-up" involving the other team members desiring to comfort one "Twink" player who took the defeat in this game especially hard, blaming himself.

He drank the vodka quickly and set about making another, the makeshift bar on the floor beside his feet consisting of a bucket of rough-cut ice and a paper cup full of clear, crystal-sharp liquor that had set him back a pretty penny.

Half-listening to the dialogue as he downed the second drink, he already had his hand out for the remote to go through the beginning scene, when a voice caught his notice.

Mildly tipsy, the slight fog of inebriation could not conceal from him that the voice was awfully familiar. As familiar to him, by now, as his own.

"Aww, guys, c'mon now, you don't gotta make it up to me, that's alright," drawled the stunning "twink," a slight young man with the features of a beguiling forest nymph, dressed in an unsightly, boxy hockey jersey with a fake team name badly ironed onto the back.

He ran his hand through his brunette curls and lifted his face to the camera, "nervously" biting his lip right before he giggled. The three "teammates" approached more closely, all of them a few years older than Will, more muscular and tall.

"Let us help take your mind off it, baby," smirked the "Captain" of the team.

"Well, maybe," the boy with the soft curls smiled, batting his lashes, allowing the "Captain" to begin undressing him.

Hannibal dropped his drink. The vodka poured over the floor instead of down his eager throat as he stood quickly, his thick cock stiffly engorged and still naked, leaking copious precum. He trembled and swore in Lithuanian, French, Italian.

He sat down again and watched until the “twink” mentioned, “well I guess you can teach me, guys. I may not know much about all that, but I promise to do my best.” And then lowered himself to his knees with a cheeky expression, looking up at the other three with servitude and the clear desire to behave submissively, to be a good boy.

It was Will, no doubt about it. Now stripped to just his tight white underwear, Will was licking his lips, so inviting and irresistible.

Hannibal should not masturbate to this. It felt wrong. It felt sexier and more exciting for this very reason.

He couldn’t take his eyes off the absolute perfection before his eyes on the screen. But he had to pause it again. Watching Will actually have sex with these handsome co-stars would set him off in ways he was not prepared to handle.

A knock at the door almost knocked him right off the bed again, as he had just resolved to look at the paused image of younger Will and “jerk off” to that in order to avoid the jealousy of watching the boy with others.

Will’s naked, lovely chest with hard, rosy nipples and his sexy flat belly, not to mention the delicate hips and an overall warm, supple body with an impressive hard-on tenting his underwear were quite enough to get him “off.” And then some, in fact.

He expected this video to be a new go-to for his solitary sessions, although he did not exactly know how he would be able to face Will in the morning. This situation was alarmingly sensitive, even by his own wild standards.

It may have only seemed that way because for once, his own personal feelings were involved. Otherwise, lies might have flowed from his lips with the ease of a tranquil river stream, as they usually did. When he did not care.

The place where he’d paused the scene was perfect for his needs at the moment. Will happened to be kneeling, showing his side profile (that of a young god) and his cute ears, his long, pale neck. And when Will had his mouth open for the “Captain’s” easy use, he had hit pause with a violent jab of his finger. He could now imagine Will to be kneeling for him, of course.

Hannibal never expected to be jealous of a fake Captain of a nonexistent hockey team.

Distracted, he thought it might be the front desk clerk/housekeeper knocking, who though lethargic, was only just next door and might have heard the porn given how loud Hannibal had the volume turned up. He had increased the volume substantially as Will, after receiving sloppy kisses from all three teammates, and going down on his knees, had begun moaning.

He tucked himself carefully back into his smooth, formal trousers. There was nothing to be done for his rigid cock; it would not go down for a while. So he just barely covered it with a grabbed pillow and prepared for an annoying lecture about decency and proper volumes, which he would ignore completely.

***

Will figured what the hell, he'd jerk off to some porn before he slept. Restless and worried about too many things, unable to stop obsessing over the nearness of Hannibal and the encounter in the parking lot that felt so magical, he couldn't drift off quite yet. He'd just beat one out quickly and drink the whiskey he'd packed in a flask, and then he'd surely sleep till morning with no further issues.

All he had to do was not think about any of his five million other problems while he was busy not thinking about Hannibal. At least if he got off a little, he'd probably calm down, even if he did inevitably fall asleep with the handsome doctor on his mind…or more like in it, knocking his neat forts over left and right.

Sighing, he sat on the bed, naked, flipping through the porn movie listings. He wanted some kind of older man in authority seducing another man whom he had power over, it didn't really matter how so. He was particularly easy to satisfy when he was this damn horny, uncomfortably so.

Finally, he thought he found one, a "teacher-student" film involving the use of a ruler for discipline, which sounded very promising, when unfortunately his eyes trailed down slightly below that title.

He saw *College Boys Gone Wilder, Part 17* and screeched immediately, shutting off the tv and flinging the remote away as if suddenly it was an enemy to be feared. Luckily, he'd securely screwed the cap back on his flask after taking another long swig of whiskey, or it would be spilling all over the bed at this moment.

No, no, no, no, no–

It was right there, not even that far down in the options for gay porn provided by the satellite cable which had miraculously held out thus far.

Hannibal could easily see it and know everything about his sordid past! It wasn't that far outside the realm of possibility that his friend might want to view some erotica that night. It had been a long, stressful drive as the weather deteriorated, and Will fretted to himself he hadn't been much help. Now, almost anyone would crave an easy bit of release, and the most obvious one –

The rooms didn't have HBO, after all, what else was anyone going to do alone in this place? Plus, while Will didn't know for sure if Hannibal would be likely to look at gay titles, you had to scroll past them to get to more of the straight ones, so – he was screwed, potentially. The bad, bad kind of screwed, not at all the kind he'd been yearning for.

He practically jumped into his boxers, ignoring the fact that partly due to the humiliation of potentially being caught by the therapist, he was still urgently hard. Stupid…annoying… exhibitionism and humiliation kinks …he'd never had much chance to put them to any practice, but his imagination ran wild with them on a regular basis.

So stupid, ugh! This is nothing to be aroused about, it's simply the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you, idiot!

This was no time to worry about what he wore, this was clearly an emergency. All that mattered was making sure Hannibal did not see that porn movie.

The only other clothing he had time for in a drastic situation like this was his standard white t-shirt, flung on right before he stuck bare feet in his snow boots and bolted through the courtyard towards his elegant, dignified colleague's room, almost falling several times on the slick ground.

He knocked loudly and went right in when Hannibal opened the door, looking astonished.

Will stared at the doctor, who wore his suit pants but was barefoot and had his shirt wide open, revealing a strong, hairy chest. The silvered hair ran lower on golden-tanned skin, over an endearing, sexy, soft belly, and the profiler was struck silent for several beats.

"Whatever are you doing here at this hour and in such a state of dress?" Hannibal asked, his language becoming even more snobbishly formal than usual. Also, he was ever so slightly slurring his words.

Wait a minute, is he trying to cover up that he's fucking…tipsy?

"I – are you drunk?" He noticed belatedly that Dr. Lecter's wise, trustworthy amber eyes were slightly bloodshot, pupils dilated hugely.

It might be a little hypocritical of him to mention it, since even as he glanced around the room and noticed the bottle of vodka left on the floor, knocked over and spilled, Will was feeling pretty tipsy himself from the whiskey. Nowhere near blackout-wasted, but…just the correct amount for making bad decisions.

"Are you?" Dr. Lecter folded his arms then changed his mind and put his hands on his hips.

Something he'd been holding fell to the floor, but Will was so worried about the porno, he didn't pay attention to that.

"Never mind, listen," he stared beseechingly at his colleague, "no matter what you do tonight, please, please, please, don't use the pay-per-view. Pleaaaase, just take my word for it and don't ask me any —" finally, he looked at the tv screen. "Questions," he finished weakly.

He buried his face in his hands. "No. No, no. It can't be. I came running as soon as I knew it was on there…"

"What made you assume I would be watching pornography this evening?"

Will lifted his face from his hands and gave him an arch look, even in the midst of his mortification, which was severe. Blushing, he accused, "Because you're obviously a kinky guy, Doctor."

“It isn’t that obvious.” Arms folded again. He stepped closer to Will, returning the accusatory look.

“Yes, it is.”

“No, it isn’t.”

Will stepped closer to make his point better, trying to ignore the scent of manly, spicy cologne and vodka. And how nice and warm his body seemed. His body heat so virile, it made Will wonder what else was–

The profiler was a notorious flirt when he’d been drinking. With a devilish smirk, and with his angry confusion still quite intact he countered, “No it isn’t.”

“Yes it is –” Hannibal blinked, realizing he’d accidentally said the wrong thing and agreed with Will as his eyes kept raking all over the younger man’s body.

He’d fallen right into Will’s trap, which provided no end of consolation for Will’s own humiliation. Hannibal didn’t normally lose focus enough to fall for a trick like that. He usually wouldn’t have lost focus if a marching band composed of elephants and giraffes had come barging in, throwing complimentary popcorn around. But he was all awkward, even nervous, about Will.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes and scowled. “For – ugh – You have some *explaining* to do, Will. Regarding this. *Film*.” He nodded at the t.v.

The screen was fucking paused on the most goddamn embarrassing scene of the whole film. At least after this bit there was no more bad “acting” and just your standard fuck-a-thon, rather than the “innocent” act that unfortunately still wasn’t that much of an act.

Will kept telling himself to wise up and his heart stayed a child anyway, stubborn and petulant. Years went by and that same old idiotic, romantic, idealistic streak of his just wouldn’t die, no matter how many times – and it was *many* – it got stomped on by others.

“The hell I do! I don’t need to tell you a damn thing.” Will ran to the tv and shut it off, then spun around to make a hasty exit, possibly to flee the country, snow be damned, and never see the haughty man again. He was a little dizzy from all that spinning around being mad, but he’d be okay.

He’d just go, get out of this dumbass moralizing fight Dr. Lecter was trying to start for some reason. But the doorknob made a sick, metallic death knell right before most of it came off in Will’s unsuspecting hand. He grabbed what was left to get the door open, but it wouldn’t even twist around. Will realized he was sealed into the room like an ancient Egyptian tomb.

“Oh, dear. I suppose you’ve no choice now but to actually talk about this.” Hannibal glowered at him.

Will tossed the broken doorknob…thing…to the floor and snapped bitterly.

“What, exactly, do you want from me? I’m under no obligation whatsoever to explain *shit to you*, Dr. Pretentious McAccusatory. Why are you looking at me like that? I didn’t fuck in the middle of Times Square, it was just a few adult films to make enough money for me to survive college, okay?”

“It’s not okay, not remotely, not at all, not one bit, not–”

“Come off it, there’s no need to keep saying it – ‘remotely’ covered it just fine, okay?”

Hannibal sneered. He flung his arms to his sides. His hands did a thing that looked like wringing. Will thought he must be drunker than he’d realized himself, hallucinating such a sight.

“I *said*,” Hannibal got even closer; they were nearly chest to chest now, feeling each other’s body heat on so much bare skin, staring in each other’s eyes with passionate anger and hurt feelings blazing. “It’s not okay.”

“I was nineteen. I was free to do whatever the hell I wanted, and it’s not for you to judge anything I did – then or now. *If* I do something now, you know what I mean!” His voice rose at the end of the sentence in a way that tried and failed to disguise drunken babbling with rage.

Will’s face was hot and flushed, harsh emotion making his glare almost menacing…he hoped. He smothered a nervous hiccup and watched Hannibal trying to think up a reply.

“I! That is! It has absolutely nothing to do with judgment or denying you your right to do as you please with…your..body,” Hannibal glanced down at Will, making the younger man extra aware of how little he was wearing.

His cock was still impatiently hard under the plaid boxers, sitting low on his hips. His thighs and legs were totally on display, along with his biceps and the wider expanse of his neck and upper chest usually concealed by work clothes, especially in winter. He was fucking freezing from the walk over, okay the run over, and therefore his nipples were sticking out like tiny beacons of sexual distress that screamed for touch.

Maybe it wasn’t the cold, whatever.

Will crossed his arms over his chest, trying not to cut himself on his damn nipples, and the gesture suddenly reminded him how Hannibal had been holding one of the motel’s cheap, thin pillows in front of his groin when he came in. At the time, he’d been too panicked to notice it much, but the pillow had dropped to the ugly carpet when Hannibal moved his arms during their confrontation.

Hannibal was hard, too, and he was. Enormous. Will’s eyes widened and he did a full-on double-take that almost had him fainting. He had to be seeing things. Hannibal’s cock was so huge that it actually pulled forward the waistband of his unbuttoned suit pants slightly, tenting the fabric with an even greater strain than Will’s own considerable hard-on pressed against the boxers.

“Th-then what’s it about, hmm? It can’t be…” He was staring. How was it that big? With difficulty, he made himself not talk to Hannibal’s cock, remembering the man’s eyes were up somewhat higher.

Resolutely, still thinking about Hannibal’s cock like he could not unsee the outline of it, the mere suggestion of it, Will looked into the doctor’s eyes instead.

“It can’t be that you –” Will struggled to find a reason why Hannibal would be this upset about the porno. It was embarrassing for him, but why should Hannibal care that much? If he didn't know better, he'd swear Hannibal wasn't reacting from Puritan revulsion, but rather...*jealousy. Did* he know better?? “It isn’t because you…”

Hannibal fumed. “What? It can’t be that if I left that movie playing and saw one of those unworthy boys lay a hand on you again, I’d scream the place down? I would do much, much worse, I assure you. It’s impossible for you to believe that I can’t stand the idea of anyone else having you, even in the past? That I’m – and *you* –”

Will launched himself at Hannibal without another thought and the older man caught the armful of wild, genius, unstable profiler with great enthusiasm, immediately kissing him with bruising force.

The younger man’s arms wrapped so tightly around Hannibal’s neck and shoulders that his biceps strained and the back of his t-shirt rose up, all the better for Hannibal to put his big, strong hands on the small of his back, licking into Will’s mouth. The strangled moan Will made as the kiss, with its mingled taste of cold vodka and warm whiskey, deepened, caused Hannibal to growl, bite Will’s lip and stick his hands right down the back of his pants.

Will should be goddamn insulted; this was terrible. Did Hannibal think that just because Will used to make porn, he was easy? It was a good thing Will really didn’t care at all right then. If it got him laid by this gorgeous, infuriating man, it was fine.

“I don’t know what your fucking problem is,” Will accused, rubbing his thumbs over Hannibal’s nipples as the older man kissed his neck with uncoordinated, wet kisses and bites, still rhythmically squeezing his ass with a distinct sense of ownership. His every touch was rough but felt unbelievably good.

Will’s fingers were cold from outside, and Hannibal hissed with pleasure when he twisted the older man’s nipples with them.

“Nor can I begin to guess at yours,” Hannibal snarled, whipping Will’s t-shirt over his head violently, then shoving his boxers down before slamming Will’s hands right to his own trousers.

Will smirked darkly and tugged Dr. Lecter’s pants down, then his black, designer briefs. The smile faded when he saw the biggest cock he’d *ever* seen, even in the porn industry, standing out boldly, fully erect and leaking an unusually large amount of precum. That thing looked like it would split Will in two and break his mind. He had never gone down on his knees faster.

“Fuck,” he moaned, grabbing Lecter’s thighs in a vice grip, opening instantly while the older man shoved that monster cock into his hot, tight mouth.

“Mmmm,” he added, shameless, bobbing his head expertly, taking more and more solid, hot inches, swallowing precum and deliriously moaning even louder, the sound vibrating on Hannibal’s sensitive dick.

“That’s right, *take it*, you shameless little brat. You’ve made me – so – unhinged – for – you –” Hannibal angrily took Will’s face in both hands, then fucked his mouth deeply, groaning so much that the housekeeper-ish person was definitely awake by then.

Sure enough, a knock came from the other side of the wall.

“Can you keep it down a little, fellas?”

“Mind – your- - own – business,” Hannibal scowled, calling back in a feral, broken tone, pulling his engorged manhood from Will’s mouth before slapping both sides of his face with it.

“Get on the bed,” he ordered Will, “Bend over.”

“*Maybe* I will,” Will sassed, only to find himself picked up and unceremoniously thrown on the mattress, hands scrambling for purchase.

Hannibal came behind him and with equal roughness arranged him on hands and knees before biting his neck even harder. “Do as you are told, brat. Are you going to take it like a good, good boy, Will? Or are you going to give me a hard time?”

“Do I have to choose?” Will asked, saucy.

Hannibal spanked the living daylights out of him for that, until Will’s fingers ached from gripping the cheap sheets, and his ass was covered in red handprints.

“So pretty,” Hannibal growled, very pleased with the sight. He groped Will’s ass roughly, absorbing the younger man’s whorish moans and pleas for more (without any specification as to what he wanted more of).

Then he parted the cheeks and knelt to eat Will out with some fairly whorish sounds of his own, lapping, sucking and twirling his tongue to ease open the lovely, fluttering pink hole. Will’s head dropped down as he cried out, “Oh, God, Hannibal–”

Hannibal made the boy very wet, especially as he didn’t have lube at hand and would have to be careful. He did think of this, even in a haze such as they were both in. He bit Will’s soft ass and drooled generously on the hole. As Will cried out in more begging, he made the boy suck his fingers, then he pushed them into the hot, clenching, exquisite velvet, not wasting any time before he started to pump harder.

“For fuck’s sake,” Will sobbed into the sheets, “So good. Harder, harder, please. Aren’t I being well-behaved enough?”

“Will.” Hannibal put his overheated face lovingly to the boy’s plush, pert ass cheek and answered in no uncertain terms, “You’re absolutely perfect.”

He fucked Will hard with three spit-slick fingers until he was satisfied his lover was relaxed enough to take his cock without serious pain or the risk of truly hurting him. Every thrust of his hand before it slammed into Will’s ass made him more desperate, grunting more reluctant, yet inevitable praise as Will went on crying, crocodile tears hitting the drab sheets.

Grasping the younger man’s hips with another bruising grip, he mumbled something about “teach you some manners,” to which Will gave another coy smirk.

“You can *try*–” Will’s mouth fell open when the head of Hannibal’s massive cock began to fully enter him. “Oh, oh, oh my *God*–”

“Are you learning yet?” Hannibal eased in another few inches, withdrew to add more spit, then pressed in deeper. The hoarse sound of his voice contrasted with his bossy words, causing him to blush more deeply, his already volcanic-feeling skin going even hotter.

“Are *you*?” Will choked out, already ruined on the bed, under Hannibal’s control just as the older man had dreamed.

Just as Will had dreamed, too, without ever mentioning it, even now. He supposed it ought to be obvious.

Later, they would realize that on this night, and for several days afterward, they both overestimated how clear their true feelings were to the other, allowing each to assume it was a one night stand, fearing the other did not fully return their love. Luckily, this misunderstanding was temporary, but on this first night, they were both caught in insecurities, even at the height of their lust for each other.

The bitterness of this resulted in Hannibal fucking Will as best he knew how, which was with long, hard, deep thrusts that gradually built up speed; meanwhile he’d pulled the younger man’s body up so Will knelt in front of him. Wrapping his hand around Will’s cock, he stroked in messy but effective time with his thrusts as they grew wilder, his mouth warm against Will’s neck now, the little harsh puffs of breath they exhaled and the ragged moans between them the only sounds except for the slap and slam of skin on skin.

“I’ll come,” Will whispered, vision blurring with the growing pleasure as Hannibal pummeled his prostate at exactly the right angle, viciously attentive and talented in his lovemaking. “If you…I can’t…”

“Give it to me,” Hannibal entreated, unable to mistake this for a command. He needed Will to come for him. Craved it with all that he was.

He lavished his mouth more tenderly over Will’s neck, keeping the pace steady and firm, the thrusts so hard that without him holding Will up every time he fell forward, the younger man would have landed on the mattress with all the rough fucking.

Will's head flew back and he whimpered, the orgasm tearing through him with such intensity it hurt. Hannibal pumped his cock firmly to give him more sensation, then more.

"Ahh, fuck, please, please Hannibal, I – please come in me, come in me," Will begged, out of his mind with pleasure by this point.

Hannibal did as he was told with a growl that verged on a roar, ramming in hard as he came with a shudder of hips, filling Will with his seed as the younger man moaned, "Yeah, mark me, make me yours, yes, God, yes…"

These exploits had worn out the two infatuated co-workers, who collapsed on the bed at last still basically attached, although Hannibal was no longer inside Will physically. Too exhausted and intoxicated to talk about what they'd done and attach any meaning to it, they embraced the reasons they had not to talk about it.

Distantly, Will was aware that his habit of repressing difficult or intimidating issues was getting worse, but then Hannibal was so nice and big and strong, and his arms were locked around Will so tightly, and he was nuzzling into Will's neck and starting to snore.

That, even that, was just so intimate. Will smiled, as if this was the last night that mattered, and faded into sleep comforted by the scent of Hannibal on his skin and him on Hannibal's skin, the predictable, soothing rhythm of his lover's breathing and snores, the beat of Hannibal's heart under his palm as he caressed his chest.

End Notes

I want to do a sequel where the boys continue the road trip down to New Orleans to investigate the case, but wait. Isn't that Will's old stomping ground? I wonder if that will be weird and awkward and stir up Hannigram sexual tension! I'm a sucker for all of these tropes and cannot help myself in the slightest. 😂

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!